

LITTLE FRANK,

AND

OTHER TALES:

CHIEFLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

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AND

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London:

DARTON AND HARVEY,

GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1838.

TO MY LITTLE BOOK.

May many a merry girl and boy
Prize thee, my book, above each toy.
May bat and ball aside be laid,
And dolly quite cast into shade.
Thy pages tell of the timid bird,
Whose voice by the sedgy stream is heard ;
And of the hawk, who, with wings of speed,
Darts on the prey which his young ones need ;
And of the glow-worm's fairy light,
Which shines like a gem through the summer
night.

They tell of the north, with its ice and snow,
Where roses and violets never will blow ;
Where the rein-deer, fleet, doth lightly bound,
With its fur-lined sledge o'er the frozen ground.
Of the clever rat's skill thy pages show,
Who makes his snug home where the waters flow,
And when any dangerous foe is near,
He dives 'neath the stream, and hides in fear.
But if each bright eye should more brightly shine,
When it reads these simple tales of thine,
I shall fondly hope that not all in vain
Have been the glad labours of my pen.

THE OWL.

“OH, dear Tom!” said Grace, in a low voice to her brother, “here we have sat as still as mice for such a long time. I am so tired!”

“Let us go into the hall, then,” said Tom.

“But will not mamma’s friends think us rude to leave the room?” said Grace.

“Oh, I dare say not,” said Tom; “but I will go and ask mamma.”

Mrs. Moore gave them leave to do as they wished, and Tom and Grace were soon in the hall.

“Come, Grace,” said her brother, as he led her to the glass-door which looked on to the lawn, “what say you to a race down the broad path, and back through the nut-walk?”

“No, thank you,” said she, as she drew back; “it is so dark in the nut-walk, I do not wish to go near it.”

“It will not be dark now,” said Tom: “see how brightly the moon shines! why I could see to read by its light.”

Grace looked up, and saw that dark clouds were rising, and would soon pass over the moon, and then all would be dark again ; but she strove to hide her fears, and said, as she took Tom's hand, " Come, then, let us go ; but you will not run away and leave me, will you ? "

" Oh, no, dear Grace, that I will not," said Tom : " now then, one, two, three, and away."

At the end of the broad walk, they stood still to take breath. Grace cast her eyes into the thick shade of the

trees and shrubs, and saw no cause for fear ; but as the wind blew through the leaves and branches, she could fancy she heard voices, first on her right hand, and then on her left. As she had feared, the moon was now quite hid by clouds, and the pale light of the stars could not shine through the gloom of the nut-walk.

“ Pray let us go now, Tom,” said Grace, as she clung to him. “ Why do you stand so still ? Hark ! what *is* that noise ? Oh, Tom, pray come home ; there it is again ! ”

“ Dear Grace,” said Tom, “ do not fear, it is only a bird ; let us stay a short time, and perhaps we may see it.”

“ Oh,” said Grace, “ it must be a great ugly bird, to make such a noise as that, and I do not wish to see it.”

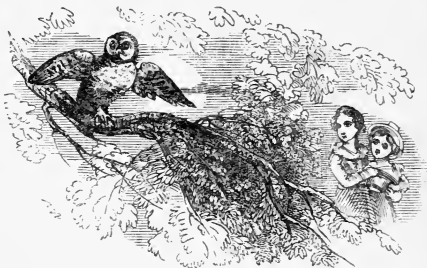
“ No, it is not very great or very ugly,” said Tom ; “ and I know you will want to see it, when I tell you that it is an owl ; and I dare say it is the same that Smith told me of, which has its nest in the old oak.”

“ Oh, is it?” said Grace : “ there it is again, Hoot ! hoot ! hoot !”

“Hush,” said Tom; “come a step or two this way: now look, do not you see him?”

“Where?” said Grace, “on that bare branch of the yew? O dear! I never saw such a bird before: what a large round head he has!”

“And look at his beak,” said Tom, “in the shape of a hook, that is for him to tear his prey with. There, that cloud has blown over, and we can see him well. He is quite brisk now: I should like to see him dart on a bird or a mouse.”



"O dear! I never saw such a bird before: what a large round head he has!"

“I should not,” said Grace; “for though it is no worse than for us to eat cows and sheep, yet his sharp claws must hurt them so much, and I could not bear to hear them squeak.”

“Nor I,” said Tom. “Well, the old man has flown away now, so we had better go home.”

“Did you ever see an owl before, Tom?” said Grace.

“Yes, once, a long while ago, when I was at play in the wood. I was going to hide in the trunk of an old tree, but when I put my head in, I

heard such a noise, and looking up, I saw a large owl : he flapped his wings, and looked so fierce, that I ran away ; and mamma told me a great deal about owls, when I got home.”

“ We must not run over the lawn, Tom,” said Grace, “ for the dew is so thick.”

“ Well, here we are at the door, quite safe,” said Tom : “ now you will not be afraid when you hear an owl hoot again.”

“ Oh, no, said Grace, I shall not, indeed.”

JOHN GRANT'S RETURN FROM SEA.

AT a small farm-house, a long way from any large town, lived an old man and his wife, whose names were James and Kate Grant. They had had five sons, who were now all grown up, and had left their home to earn their own bread. One had gone to sea, but had not been heard of for four or five years, so that it was thought he must be dead.

It was a cold bleak night ; the wind was high, and the snow beat against the front of the old house. As James and his wife sat by their snug and warm fire-side, they thought how glad they ought to be for such a nice home, and that they should thank their good God for His care of them in their old age.

“ I am not so strong as I was,” said James, “ for I feel that a little work tires me now ; and though Ned Brown is a good boy, yet he is too young to be of much use to me.”

“ Ah,” said Kate, with a deep sigh,

“it seems hard that we, who have had five boys, should now be left all alone with none to help us : if one of them would but come and live here I should feel quite young once more.”

“Where is our poor John?” said the old man, as tears rose in his eyes. “Oh that I had not let him go to sea ! What a night is this for those on ship-board ! May they be kept from harm ! Put a fresh log on the fire, good wife, for it is very cold.”

“Oh, my poor boy !” said Kate, “shall I ever see him again ? He was

the best child of them all: how could I let him go from home?"

"We did it for the best at the time," said James, "and it will not bring him back to mourn over him now. Dear me! what can make the dog bark in that strange way?"

"I dare say," said Kate, "he does not like to hear the wind howl in the old trees: hark! how the boughs creak! When first you and I came to live here, those trees were young and in their prime, but now I think they will not stand much longer than we shall."

“ Oh, yes,” said the old man, “ they are not quite so near their end as we are, my dear ; but I do not like to hear Lion keep up such a noise ; it cannot be all right, I am sure.”

James Grant got up from his arm-chair, and went to the door ; but he could hear no noise, nor could he see anything, for the snow beat right in his face. Just as he came back, he heard his wife call out, that she saw a man look through the window at her ; and in great fear she begged James not to go out.

“Why should I care?” said he :
“I have done no harm, and it may be some one who has lost his way in the dark, and who is in want of help.”

With these words he put on his hat, and with a stout stick in his hand, to use in case of need, he went out.

He had not gone far, ere the man he was in search of came up to him, and begged a place to sleep in that night, as it was a long way to the next town.

“You must speak to my wife,” said James ; “and if she likes to do so, I



"As she said this, she looked in the man's face, and saw that his eyes were full of tears."

dare say she can give you a bed. Come in, for you are cold and wet.”

The man did as he was bid, took off his thick coat, which was quite white with snow, and went to the fire. As Kate set a chair for him, she saw that he had on a short blue jacket, such as her John wore when he came home from his first trip to sea. The sight of this, and the man's honest face, quite won her heart ; and she soon set before him some bread and cheese, and a mug of warm beer.

“ Come,” said James, when he was once more in his seat, “ I am glad to

see you here, for this is a lone place, and it does one good to see a new face now and then. Wife, have you not got any meat to give our friend?"

"I do not want more, thank you," said the man: "you have lived in this old house a long while, have you not?"

"Why, yes, we have," said James; "it is near fifty years since we first came. Pray have you been here before?"

"How can you ask?" said Kate, "such an out-of-the-way place as it is."

"I used to know it quite well, when

I was a boy : I lived not far from here, then," said the seaman.

"There now, wife," said James.

"Lived near here!" said Kate :
"why when you were a boy, there could not have been a house within three miles of this : pray what was your name?"

"I will tell you by and by," said the man : "but can you tell me where Charles and Ned Grant are gone? I used to play with them when we were young, and I love them very much."

"Charles and Ned Grant!" said

both the old folks at once, "why who should they be but our own boys! they have left us a long while now. Charles went a long way off, where he could get more work than in this land; and Ned lives at a farm of his own, and has a wife and child."

"You had a son John, who went to sea, had you not?" said the man.

"Oh, yes, and a dear son he was: when you came in you put me so in mind of him," said Kate; "but we fear he must be dead now, for he never writes to us or comes to see us."

As she said this, she looked in the man's face, and saw that his eyes were full of tears.

“My mother! my dear mother!” said he, as he got up and threw his arms round her neck. “And now your lost son has come home, and will not leave you, but will take care of you, and work for you all his life.”

Poor James and his wife were so full of joy, that they could not speak for some time; but they thanked God in their hearts, for having brought their dear son home to them to cheer their old age.

LITTLE FRANK AND THE RAT.

ONE fine spring day Mrs. Dean set out for a walk. She crossed the lawn at the back of the house, and chose a long path, which had thick shrubs on each side, and led her to the gate of a field.

At one end of this field there was a small pond of clear water ; on its banks grew long grass and rushes, and the little birds sang their sweet songs in the lime-trees that hung over the water.





"What a droll thing! I shall like to watch you all the more now I know something about you."

As Mrs. Dean came near to the spot, she saw her little boy there. He sat quite still on the edge of the pond.

“Frank, my dear,” said she, “why do you sit there? it is too damp a place.”

“Oh, mamma,” said Frank, “do come and see this droll sight! Look on the other side; just by that old stump of a tree is a large water-rat. I have seen him a long time, and I think he wants to dig a hole in the bank: if I go near to look at him, he jumps into the pond. Is he going to make a place to live in?”

“Yes, my dear,” said Mrs Dean, “he will dig a deep place in the earth, to serve him for a nest; and I dare say he will make two holes to creep in and out of, one higher than the other, in case the water should rise above one of them.”

“Does the rat eat the small fishes or worms, mamma?” said Frank.

“No, my dear, it feeds on the soft roots of plants, which it finds in the water, or in the damp parts of the fields. It is not so fierce as the land-rat, and its fur is more soft and close.

When it hears a noise, it leaps into the water, and dives down in fear ; but it cannot stay long there for want of air, so it rises again, and just puts its nose above the water, that it may be able to breathe and yet not be seen."

"What a droll thing!" said Frank: "I shall like to watch you all the more now I know something about you. Good-bye, little busy rat, for to-day."

FRANK AND A FIELD-MOUSE.

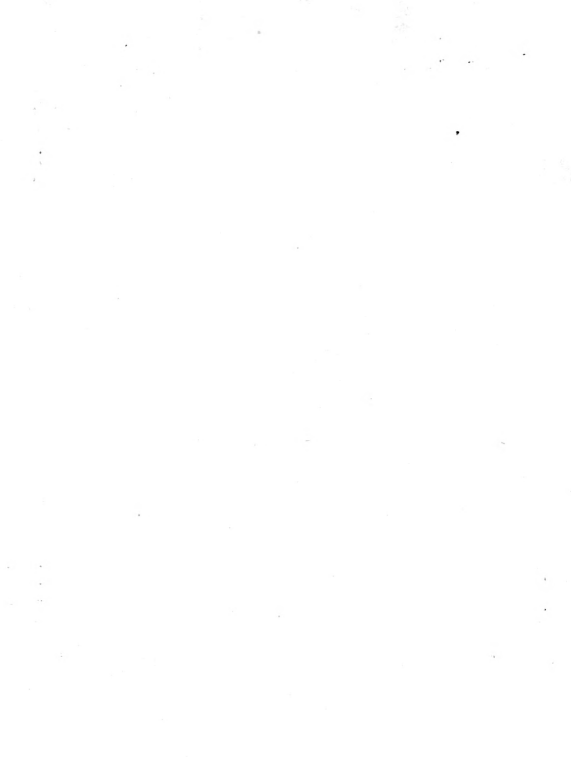
A FEW days after Frank had seen the rat at work on the bank of the pond, he was at play in the fields with his pet dog. He saw Dash scratch up the ground and smell about.

“Here, Dash ! Dash !” said Frank ;
“ what are you doing ?”

Just then a small brown mouse came out of his hole, and ran away very fast. Frank was a kind boy, and would not let Dash run after it and



‘ Frank was a kind boy, and would not let Dash run after it.’



kill it, as he wished. He held his dog tight, and sat down near the spot, to see if the mouse would come back ; but as it did not, he ran in-doors to tell his mamma what he had seen.

“ It was such a nice little mouse, mamma, with a very long tail ; and it ran away at a great rate.”

“ Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Dean, “ the field-mouse is very quick and can leap well. It does much harm in the fields and gardens, and to the ricks of corn, and is often found in farm-yards. Owls, kites, dogs, and

cats make war against the poor field-mouse, and I fear that men do so too."

"Poor thing!" said Frank; "I am sure I would not kill one, for I like to see them run in and out of their holes."

"In its nest in the ground," said Mrs. Dean, "or under a bunch of moss, it hoards up its store of food before the cold days come: sometimes it finds out the holes which the mole has left, and lives in them."

"How sly," said Frank, "not to make a place of his own! Thank you, dear mamma, for this tale about him."

A TRUE TALE

OF A

LITTLE GIRL WHO FELL INTO A TAN-PIT.

Now I will tell you a tale about a little girl, whom we will call Anne Grey, though that was not her real name. Anne was very fond of her doll, for she had no little boys or girls of her own age to play with.

Like some other dolls, I know, (and some little girls too,) its clothes were

apt to get dirty, and Anne thought it would be great fun to put Miss Dolly to bed for the day, while she washed them up. Well, once, when the maids were busy in the wash-house, Anne thought it just the right time for her to begin, so she set to work in great glee. When all the clothes were nice and clean, she went to the garden to look for a place where she could hang them up to dry. She soon found one to suit her; tied up a line, and went back to the house for the things.

Her way to and from the garden

led through a tan-yard, and the busy little girl, in her haste to push by the edge of one of the pits, fell splash in, with all her doll's clean clothes in her hand. What was to be done now? there she was, up to her chin in the nasty brown water, and she could not get out. Old Mrs. Bigg, who was at work just by, heard the poor child cry, and ran to help her.

“ Oh, do pray take me out,” said she; “ I will not do so any more !”

So she was soon pulled out, and put into a tub of warm water, for which,

you may be sure, there was much need. It was a long time ere poor Anne ran so fast through the tan-yard again.

THE USEFUL DOG.

ONE day, as Tom Price was on his way to school, with his bag of books at his back, he stood still to look at a fine large dog which lay in the sun before the door of a poor man's house.

“Take care how you go near that fierce dog,” said the gruff voice of a man who passed by just then.

“I do not think he will hurt me,”

said Tom, “if I do no harm : see, he lets me pat his head.”

The dog got up, and seemed to like Tom to stroke him ; but as soon as he saw the man, he gave a low growl, and looked quite fierce.

“ ‘There, you see I told you right,’ ” said the man, as he made haste away. Just then the master of the dog came out, and sat on a bench by the door.

“If you please,” said Tom, “what makes the dog growl at that man who went by, while he seems so fond of me?”

“ I will tell you,” said he ; “ he knows that that is a bad man ; for one day he got over my hedge, and stole some fruit ; but the dog caught him, and would not let him go till I went out to him.”

“ What a good guard he must be !” said Tom.

“ Yes,” said the man, “ and I can tell you more than that ; for one day a little girl who was at play near the mill-stream, fell in, and might have been drowned, had not I and my dog been near and heard her screams.”

“ Did the dog jump in ? ” said Tom.

“ Yes ; and he swam down the stream after her, and brought her safe to land. She was soon quite well ; and the dog and she are now such great friends, it is quite droll to see them.”

“ I must run away now,” said Tom, “ for it is my school-time. When I am a man I hope I shall have such a dog of my own.”

CHARLES ROSS AND THE HAWK.

WHAT does make little Charles Ross run so fast across that long field? he looks as though he had a great deal to tell. Yes, see, there is his aunt Lucy, not far off; he will soon catch her, I think. There, now he has got up to her; but he is so out of breath he cannot speak just yet. Aunt Lucy says something to him, let us go near and hear what it is.

“My dear boy, you should not run so fast this hot day. Pray where have you been all this time, and what have you seen?”

“Oh, aunt!” says Charles, “as soon as I came from school, I went to the farm-yard to feed my fowls; and it was very well I did, for what should I see but a cruel hawk pounce down in the midst of my poor chicks: the old hen flew at him, and pecked him well with her beak, and shook her wings at him, but he was too bold to care for that; so I gave a loud shout, and flung my cap at him, just as



"I aimed so well that the cap struck him, and made him drop his prey."

he flew off with the white chick in his claws. I aimed so well, that the cap struck him, and made him drop his prey: I then ran to it, but the poor thing was quite dead, and its nice white down was all dyed with blood. Do you know, dear aunt, I felt so vexed that the tears came into my eyes; but then I thought I must not be angry with the hawk, for God made it, and had taught it what sort of food to take home to its young ones."

Now see how pleased aunt Lucy looks, and how she kisses Charles, and says, "I

am very glad to hear you speak so, my own dear boy, and to see that you thought of what I told you a day or two ago, that the wise and good God has made all things well, and that He cannot err in any of His works."

GEORGE AND ROSE'S LONG WALK.

“COME,” said George King, a boy of five years old, to his sister Rose, “come and play on the grass-plat with me. I will lend you my new ball.”

“Oh, yes,” said Rose, as she put down her doll, “that I will.”

In a short time they were tired of play ; and Rose said to George, “Let us go and see aunt Jane, we both know the way quite well.”

“It is such a long walk,” said George, “and I think there will not be time before it grows dark.”

“Oh, yes there will;” said Rose, “and I dare say aunt Jane will send us home in the chaise.” So she took George’s hand, and led him into the lane, for though she was not so old as he was, she often made him do as she pleased.

Now the way was long, and the sun was low in the sky, but George and Rose thought no more of that. They went on over two or three fields, till they came to a high gate.

“Now, then,” said George, “we must climb this, for I find it will not open;” so he was soon on the other side. But Rose was so short she could not even get to the top rail.

“Oh, what are we to do?” cried she.

“Why, if you cannot get over, Rose,” said George, “we must go back, for there is no way but this to reach aunt Jane’s house.”

“Oh dear, oh dear!” said Rose, “why we are so near to it, I can see the roof through the trees.”

“I cannot help it,” said George;

“we must not stay here, for it will soon be dark.”

“I am so tired!” said poor Rose, with a sigh.

“Do not think of that now,” said George, as he got off the top of the gate on which he had sat to rest, “for we have a long way to go back, and must make haste;” so, hand-in-hand, they set off.

In a short time they met a man that knew them well: “Ah, go home, go home,” said he, as he shook his stick at them; “they are all in a great fright about you.

Poor George and Rose ran as fast as they could, for they now thought they had done wrong to leave home.

As soon as they got to the door, Rose ran up to her grandmamma, and said, as tears ran down her cheeks, "It was all my fault, *that* it was ; for George did not wish to go, but I led him out."

"No," said George, "it was my fault too, for I knew it was wrong, and Rose did not."

"Well," said their kind grandmamma, as she kissed them and dried

their eyes, “you will not do so any more, I dare say, now that you feel that you are too young to go out alone. But it is high time you were in bed, so run up stairs to Ann, like a good boy and girl.”

THE GLOW-WORM.

As John and Mary Green were on their way home from their aunt's house, where they had spent the day, they saw something bright in the grass by the road-side.

“Look, look ! what is that ?” said John to the maid.

“Oh, I dare say it is a drop of dew which shines in the light of the moon,” said she.

“ Oh, no,” said Mary, “ the moon does not shine through that thick hedge at all: let me try to pick it up.”

“ Here it is,” cried John, “ I have got hold of it ; but it does not shine now : this cannot be it.”

“ Do not drop it,” said Mary ; “ but take it home to mamma, and she will tell us what it is.”

They now made all the haste they could : they found their mamma at the hall-door, who was looking out for them, and told her what they had brought.

“ Oh, I dare say it is a glow-worm,” said she: “ let me look at it: yes, that it is.”

“ A glow-worm! mamma,” said John and Mary, “ what is that?”

“ It is a small worm, which is able to send forth a light from its body, which shines in the dark, as you saw it. This is the only insect of the kind which is found in our isle, but there are many in other lands, and some of them give far more light than this does. There is the fire-fly, which, as it flits in and out of the dark bushes

in the night with its star-like light, must look very pretty."

"Oh, how I wish I could see it!" said John.

"The men who live where the fire-flies are, sometimes use them as a lamp, to guide them from place to place."

"How droll," said Mary, "when you want a light, just to run into the woods and catch one!"

"How many things there are in the world," said John, "which I have not heard of!"

"Yes," said his mamma, "that is

quite true ; and though you should live to be an old man, you will still have to say the same, for the earth and the sea are full of the works of the Lord, and no life is too long in which to learn them all.”

THE REED-BIRD.

“JAMES, James, where are you gone?” said Jesse Wright.

“Hush, Jesse, here I am, quite safe,” said James. “Pray do not make such a noise.”

“What have you found there?” said Jesse, as she spied him out deep in the thick rushes. “Shall I come to you?”

“No, no,” said James, “that you must not: I shall soon get out, and then I will tell you what I have seen.”

“What can it be?” thought Jesse.

While James is making his way out, let me tell you what sort of a place it was where he and Jesse were. There was a flat field, or marsh, through the midst of which ran a small clear brook ; tall grass and rushes grew thick and close over this marsh, and many trees marked the course of the stream. Jesse was on the edge of the marsh when first she lost sight of James, who had heard the chirp of a bird which was new to him, and had crawled into the sedge to look from whence it came.

“ Well,” said Jesse, “ so here you are at last. What a mess you are in !”

“ I do not care for that,” said James, “ for I have seen something worth a sight, and it was the first of the kind I ever saw.”

“ Make haste and say what it was,” said Jesse : “ was it alive ?”

“ Oh, yes, to be sure,” said he.

“ I thought,” said Jesse, “ that only frogs and toads lived in the marsh.”

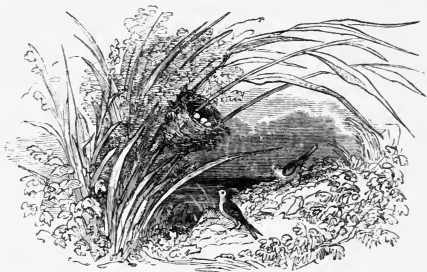
“ Then you thought wrong,” said James : “ but if you can be still, I will tell you what it was. While I stood here with

you I heard such a strange chirp, and as I did not know what bird's note it was, I thought I would try and find the nest, (not to touch it or take the eggs, of course, but just to have a look at it.) So I crept in very still, and went to the place from whence the sound came. In a short time I was close to it, and there I saw such a sweet little nest ! it was made of the dead leaves of the rush and sedge, and a few pieces of dry grass, and lined with the soft tops of the reed. And, oh, Jesse ! I wish you could have seen the eggs ;

there were six of them, white, with small red spots all over ; such tiny things ! On the stem of a reed, close by the nest, was the hen-bird, and her mate was not far off ; but the noise you made drove them away.’

“ I did not mean to do harm, dear James,” said Jesse. “ I wish I had been with you, I would have been very still then. But what is the name of the bird ? ”

“ Why, it must be the reed-bird,” said James, “ for I have seen a print of one, and this was just like it ; and



" On the stem of a reed, close by the nest, was the
hen-bird."

I have read of it too. It eats the seeds of the reed, and young snails, and flies."

"How large is it, James?" said Jesse.

"It is quite a small bird; but from its thick coat, and long tail and legs, looks as large as a red-breast. Its bill is very small."

"Oh dear," said Jesse, "did you feel that? was it not a drop of rain?"

"Yes, that it was," said James, "and a large drop, too: I think it will soon pour. Come, we must run home

fast, or that dark cloud will catch us.”
So they set off, and just reached their
papa’s door in time.

A TALE OF THE NORTH.

“SHUT the door, Hugh, and bring your stool to the fire-side, and I will tell you a tale. What sort of a one must it be?” said Mrs. Stone.

“Thank you, dear mamma ; a tale of the north, if you please ; that cold place, where there is so much snow and ice. I like to hear of that, when I am snug and warm by the fire ; and I feel so glad I do not live there.”

“ And perhaps those whose home is in that cold land, would not change their lot with yours. They love their close, round huts, their rough benches, their furs and sledges, as much as we do our nice house and fire-side, our chairs and rugs.”

“ Do tell me more of them !” said Hugh.

“ They are a small race of men, not more than four or five feet high, with dark faces, deep-sunk eyes, and straight black hair. In the warm days they live on the fruits of the chace, in the

winter on the dried flesh of the reindeer, salt-fish, and cheese. You know I once told you what a long, dark winter theirs is, when the sun is not seen for many days."

"Yes, mamma," said Hugh, "and it must be very dull for them, poor things. But will you tell me about the reindeer?"

"Ah, I do not know what they would do if they had not such a friend as the reindeer proves to them: from it they get both milk, food, and warm clothes. It feeds on a moss, of which

there is a great deal there ; and though the snow may lie very thick upon the ground, the rein-deer can tell where his food grows, and with his fore-feet and broad horns he digs through the snow to get a meal.”

“ Oh, mamma, how can he find it out ? ” said Hugh.

“ The quick sense of smell with which the rein-deer is gifted, leads him to the right spot, and he is never known to search in vain. The men yoke them to their sledges, which glide over the smooth, hard snow at a great rate.”

“What sort of a thing is a sledge, mamma?” said Hugh.

“It is made of birch-wood, something in the shape of a boat, about six feet long, with a high back; and here, wrapt up in his thick furs, the man sits as snug as can be. They drive with a cord tied to the horns of the rein-deer, which flies over the ground at great speed, with his light load. If you will bring me that large book from the shelf I can show you the print of one.”

“Oh, I see it,” said Hugh, as his mamma turned over the leaves; “that

is a nice thing to ride in. But look at that man, he is so wrapt up in furs, I can only see his eyes. What a droll cap he wears ! and see, mamma, the rein-deer has such a gay thing round his neck, with a bell hung in front ; pray is that for use or show ?”

“ I have read,” said Mrs. Stone, “ that the rein-deer likes the sound of a bell ; and also, when four or five sledges travel at once, in the dark, or in a snow-storm, it helps to keep them all in one track.”

“ It is of no use to make roads there, for the snow would quite hide them, would it not, mamma ?” said Hugh.

“ Yes, my dear, the sun and the stars guide them in the way they wish to go ; but I cannot talk to you more now, for I must write a note to your aunt, before post-time. You may try to draw the sledge and rein-deer in your new book, if you please ; but you must take great pains.”

“ Oh, yes, that I will, for I should like to draw that much, to show papa

when he comes home," said Hugh, as he took his stool to his mamma's side, that she might look at his work now and then.

THE END.





